## ON THE PLANTATION.

ry of a Georgi w Boy's Adventures During the War. BY JOEL CHANDS ER HARRIES (Copyright, 1801, by Josh Chandler Barris.)

III. TRACKING A RUNK WAY.

One Sunday morning, not la ng after Joe's dventure with Mink, Harbert came to him

with a serious face.
"Marse Joe." he said, "dey e. gwine ter ketch Mink dis time."

How do you know?" 'Kase, soon dis mornin' whiles 1 wus a feedin' de hogs. I seed one er tlem 6 wither boys comin' down de road under white an' speer, an' I ax 'im wharbouts he gwine, an' he say he gwine atter Bill Locke an' his nigger dogs. He low dat he know where Mink bit has' Friday night, an' dey gwine to put de dogs on his track an' ketch 'im. Dey'll be 'long back dis a way terrockly."

The lad had witnessed a fox chase and had

hunted rabbits hundreds of times, not only with the plantation harriers, but with hounds, but he had never seen a runaway negro huntd down, and he had a boy's curiosity in the matter, as well as a personal interest in the tate of Mink. So he mounted his horse am ! waited for Mr. Locke and young Gaither to return. He knew Bill Locke well, having seen him often in Hillsborgugh. Mr. Locke had been an overseer, but he saved money, bought two or three negroes, and had a little farm of his own. He had a great reputation as a negro hunter, mainly because the hunting of reaaways was a part of his business. His tendogs. Music and Sound, we're known all over the country, and they were the terror of thes negroes, not because they were fleree or dan-gerous, but because of their sagneity. Sound was a small brown hound, not larger than as bengle, but he had such powers of scent that the negroes regarded him with superstitious awe. He had what is called a "cold nose." which is a short way of saying that he could follow a scent thirty-six hours old, and yet he

was a very shabby-looking dog.

When Locke and young Gaither rode by they were joined by Joe Maxwell, and his company seemed to be very welcome, especially to the Gaither boy, who regarded the affair as a frolic. Mr. Locke was a man of very few words. His face was dark and sallow and his eyes sunken. His neck was long and thin and Joe observed that his "Adam's apple " was unusually large. As the negroes said. Mr. Locke and his dogs " favored" each other. He was small and puny and his dogs were small and

"Do you think you'll catch Mink?" asked Joe. Mr. Locke looked at the lad almost pityingly, and smiled.

"We'll git the nigger." he replied, "if he's been seed sence Friday noon. We'll git him if he ain't took wings. All I ast of him is to stay somewheres on top of the ground, and he's mine." Why did the negro run away?" said Joe to

young Gaither. 'Oh, he can't get along with the overseer. And I don't blame him much. I told pup this

morning that if I had to choose between Mink and Bill Davidson I'd take Mink every time. But the trouble with pap is he's getting old, and thinks he can't get along without an overseer, and overseers are mighty hard to get now. I tell you right now that when I get grown I'm not going to let any overseer bang niggers around." Mr. Locke said nothing, but Joe heartily en-

dorsed young Gaither's sentiments.

When they arrived at the Gaither place Mr. Locke asked to be shown the house that Mink had occupied. Then be asked for the blankets on which the negro had slept. These could not be found. Well, an old coat would doenything that the negro had worn or touched. Finally, a dirty, greasy bag, in which Mink had carried his dinner to the field, was found. This would do. Mr. Locke said, and, taking it

toward them. Sound smelt it more carefully than Music. Now, then," said Mr. Locke, "where 'bouts was he seed? At the hoggen last Friday night? All right, we'll ride around there and

in his hand, he called his dogs and held it.

Joe was very much interested in all this, and he watched Mr. Locke and his degs very closely. When they arrived at the hospen the negro hunter dismounted and examined the ground. Then he spoke to his dogs.

"Bound!" he exclaimed sharply. " what are you doing? Lock about. Musici what are you here for?"

ere for?"

shabby little dog seemed to have have
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ship transformed. He circled around the
architecture further and further
actions in Locke never took his

The shabby little dog seemed to have have suddenly transformed. He circled around the hoppen rapidly, getting further and further away each time. Mr. Locke never took his eyes from the dog.

'It's cold—mighty cold," he said presently. The he spoke to the dog again. "Sound! co. to here. sir! Now git down to your knitten. (Come. knuckie down! Try 'em. old took here. sir! Now git down to your knitten. (Come. knuckie down! Try 'em. old cold. The second to the ground the hoppen. Thus encouraged, the dog, with his nose to the gro. Ind. went carefully around the hoppen. At one spot he pashed, went on, and hen came. Dack to it. This performance he repeated sov. I want them he gan to work he way tow. I want then began to work he way tow. I want then began to work he was gone case, but the higger's bee u here, and we've got him." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I saybe the do. Vis trailing some body else." I say the sa

and watch him. He's been in worse places an this here.

But it was a tedlous task the dog had before him. Winding in and out in the manes of an invisible labyrinth, turning and twisting, now alowly, now more rapidly, he cursued with unorring nose, the footsteps of the runaway, and when he had followed the trail away from the church he was going at a brisk pace, and his whimper had changed to an occasional 7cip.

Mr. Locke, who up to this time had been fewing his horse, now took off his coat, folded it carefully, and inid it on his saddle. Then he remounted his horse, and with faither and Joe Maxwell trotted along after his deg.

Mink must have lingered on the way, for a quarter of a mile further on Music joined sound in his work, and the two dogs footed it along right merrily, their mellow volces rousing a hundred echoes among the old red hills. A mile further the dogs paused at a free where there were traces of fire. Scattered around was scraps of sweet polato peclings and bread.

"Hore is where the gentleman roosted last night," said Mr. Locke, and it must have been true, for found, with his head in the air, made a half sirete, ploked up a warnar trail, and the spo dogs for the lock weel.

away from the others easily. Neither ditches nor guilles were in his way, and in the excitement a six-rail fence seemed to be no obstacle. Mr. Locke shouted something at Joe, probably some word of warning, but the words failed to reached the lad's cars. Butterfy fought for his head and got it, and in the twinkling of an are carried his rider out of hearing of his com, anions.

The dogs had swa, ved a little to the left, and were making straight for the river—the Oconea, liutterfly ran into a plantation road and would have crossed it, har Joe held him to it, and soon discovered that he was gaining on the dogs. From slightly different directions the hounds and the lorse seemed to be making for the same point—, at the point as it turned out, was the plant tion for ry, where a bateau was kept. Joe Max well reached the top of the hill overlooking the rive just as the dogs yeached the terry. Here he drew rein and looked about him. I he bounds an about on the river tank tarking and howling. Sound went into the water, lock, inding that he was drifting down, instead of going across, he made his way out and shook himself, but still centinued to bark. A quagter of a mile away there was a great bend in the river. Far down this bend Joe could see a leatend drifting. As he gatched if the thought st. Tuck him that it did not sit as lightly in the water gas an empty boat should. "Suppose" he askes bimself, with a tagh: "suppose Mink is in the octoon of that of accurate the could see a same mount boated. feau?" He dismissed the thought as lfr. Locke and

He dismissed the thought as l'fr. Locke and young Gaither came up.

"That's a thundering slick ho wyou're riding," said Mr. Locke, "He'd do five work in a look hunt. Where's the nigger?"

"The dogs can tell you more about it than I can," said Jon."

"Well," romarked Mr. Locke, with a sigh, "I know'd I'd miss him if he ever got to the ferry here and found the boat on this side. Why, dang his black skin," exclaimed the negro hunter vehemently, as he glanced down the river and saw the bateau floating away in the distance, "he's gone and turned the boat his side. That shows we was a pushin," Immighty close. I recken you could 'a seed 'im if you'd looked clos't when you first come up."

"No," realied Joe;" he was out of sight, and the boat was drifting around the clow. You were not more than nyo ninutes behind me.

"Bless your soul, bubby," exclaimed Mr. Locke, "five minutes is a mighty long time when you are trying to ketch a ranaway."

So ended the race after Mink. To Joe Maxwell it was both interesting and instructive. He was a great lover of dogs, and the wonderful performance of Sound had given him new ideas of their sagacity.

A few mornings after the unsuccessful attempt to catch Mink, a very queer thing hapvened. Harbert was sweeping out the printing office, picking up the type that had been d, topped on the floor, and Joe was preparing to be vin the day's work. Suddenly Harbert sights."

be with the day's work. Studenty Harbert sp. ke:

"Varse Joe," said he, "when you rid out ter de ri ver Sunday, is you happen ter see er batent oatin," roun?

Joe, boked at Harbert for some explanation of the Vingular question, but the negro pretended, be very bisily engaged in picking up scraps of paper.

"Yes," said Joe, after a pause, "I saw a boat drift ing down the river. What about it?"

"Well, sail, I speak of de trufe was ter git

"Well, as the Ispeak of de trufe wuz ter git out, dat de y wuz one yet yo' ole 'quaintance in dat boat, an' I bet a thrip dat ef you'd a hollered how iy, dey'd a-hollered howdy back."
Harlert was still too busy to look up.
"Hit de 'unniest boat what I yever come 'cross," he yent on. "ag wine floatin' long down by itse'f, an', den, on top er dat, come floatin' long back ast h."

'cross," he wenton. "agwine hoatin long down by itsef, an' den, on top er dat, come floatin' long back ag' h."

"How do yt u know about the bateau?"

"Whiles yot i bin gwine 'long de road, Marse Joe." said He, 'bert, still making a great pretence of gatha 'ing up the trash in the room. "ain't you nee er is see all dem little birds fiyin' mongst te bushes an' long de fence? Well, suh, dom h tile birds kin tell mo' tales ef you listen at 'em right close dan all deze yer papers what you, bin printin'. Dey er mighty cu'us, an' dey er h lighty cunnin'. Dey tole me lof, mo' dan dat, Dey say dat de young Gaither boy took at 's sent word ter Marse Tom Clemmons dat soms body done gone an' stole de bateaust de ferry, but yit when Marse Tom go out ier ter look atter his boat slar she is right spang whar hay lef' 'er. Now how you 'count fer dat?"

"Then, Mink—"

"Coon an' 'possum!" 'interrupted Harbert, as Mr. Snelson appeared in the doorway.

"'Possom it is!" exclaimed that genial gentleman. "In season or oft of season, I'll never refuse it."

"Well, suh," said Harbart, "ef de talk gwine

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it, no replied that this phrase m. Wat the same in Putnam county as "Git up that or I'll break yer back!" in other parts of the country. He said that Putnam county horses understood this thoroughly. Whether he lied o. v. not. it was plain that Jerry understood it.

"Thar ain't as much applejack ms de in Putnam these days as the suppless was de in Putnam these days as the suppless was the suppless of the supples

nam these days as thar used to be," a used the driver as Jerry started up hill at a ro und trot. making the buggy sway violently from a side to side. "Can't tell why not, for thar's jest as many apples raised. In fact, I think , thar's a durn sight more apples raised than the wused to be. Down in Westchester, though, t. ley're makin' more jack every year. And ripe stuff they turn out down than too. D'ye i wer try it? No? Well, don't, stranger, if you de 'n't

want to die a drunkard.
"No, thar ain't any moonshine whiskey may be up this way. They's too many of us in thi's country. It wouldn't be possible to find a place lonesome enough to hide a still. Someoody would find it and give the moonshiner away, sure. You see thar's a pow'ful lot o' durned temp'rance howlers in these parts. They pi'ay the devil, they do.

'We'n , up to tricks around here, though, and don't fool yourself we ain't. We don't have no moonshin e stills, but-well, say, do you know Uncle Abe Banberry? No? Not him that had the stillhon se down on the East Branch below town? The old man had some seven-year-old that could tarn white hair black and take the crook out of aged backs. I never tasted sech apple in my days before or sence, Uncle Abe might have been makin' applejack yet, and keep continuin' to grow rich, if he'd only played fair. But say, friend, ain't you ever noticed that about men when they begin to get a little money? They might have been as honest as daylight before, but as soon as the figgers begin to climb up on the profit side of their bank books, they git so crazy to see 'em climb faster that they're apt to grow crooked. Queer, ain't it?

"Well, that's the way it was with Uncle Abe. When he got ten thousan' shead he was so gol durned anxious to git twenty thousan' that he got to sneakin' off his apple on the sly without accountin' to Government for more'n half of it, and payin' the honest taxes like a man and citizen. And that's why he got ketched up, and sir, when them Government chaps got through with him, he didn't have a cent left of his ten thousan', and lost his still to boot. An' now, b'gosh, he shivers winters for lack o' decent clothes. Well, sir, I never see sech a slick chap as that thar defective. Why, I tell you. he played the whole lot of us the neatest you ever see. An' I was to it as bad as the rest. and I give you my word I wouldn't have played Uncle Abe false the way I did for the best farm on the Middle Branch if I'd known it. But somebody'd been givin' Uncle Abe away beforehand, any way, and be'd probably have caught it just as hard as though I'd kep' my mouth shut.

Audset, in his Lis, poir on Dieu!

Out in bionide Astarte, qu'idolatrait la Gree

But and Audset, in his Lis, poir on Dieu!

Out in bionide Astarte, qu'idolatrait la Gree

Out and Horace, Lucrece, et le vieil Epicure,

Audset, in his Lis, poir on Dieu Lis, poir

UNCLE ABE AND UNCLE SAM,

OR HOW PUTNAM ON UNITY LOST ITS

BEST APP'LL MACK.

A Story of an Avariet was Moonshiner, a
Talkative Friend, an Astute New Tork

Detective, and a Wowm with Second
Sight in Internal Rever we Mattern.

Whenever the horse lagge a bit the driver exclaimed: "Come, Snakes, git up and fight!"

Snakes was not the horse's mame, but plain Jerry. Nevertheless Jerry al tays pricked up his ears and took a fresh start when he heard the phrase. When the driver we asked about it, he replied that this phrase m. and the same in Putnam county as "Git up tha e or I'll break yer back!" in other parts of the sountry. He said that Putnam county horses inderstood this thoroughly. Whother he lied o. t not, it was plain that Jerry understood it.

What injury I done the family by talkin."
But I was too hungry to refuse. Uncle Abe and the instance out strong. I tell was then that Jerkins cont with Jenkins came out strong. I tell you. He never gave himself away, but he kept talkin' and huntin' and tal

LORD LYTTON AS A PLAGIARIST. Striking Lines and Sentiments from the

Works of Other Writers, The late Lord Lytton was one of the most consistent, indefatigable, and audacious plagiarists that ever lived. It is quite possible he never wrote an original line in his life. At all events every apt or striking line, every pretty sentiment, and every unusual incident in every one of his books has been traced to some original either in English or foreign literature. It was the latter to which he was chiefly indebted. Doubtless he held himself safer there, for when he first came upon the scene Englishmen had small acquaintance with the

literature of other countries.

Yet English authors were not quite safe at ids hands. Years ago an article in the North Vitish Review called attention to the close rese unblance of certain passages in his "Gyges and Candaules" to some of the finest lines in Kea ta's "St. Agnes." Verses from other English poots were cited, too, which had been ted to his own use with very little change. The tuthor of the article, with an urbanity rare it Scotch reviewers of British bards, alluded to this tendency as "the uncon-scious sympathy of the mocking bird." Indeed. the entire British public has treated the noble pilferer with extra-ordinary lentency. When it was first made known, for example, that "Lucile" was barefaced bit of literary larceny, the English press, for some reason or other, was inclined to hush up the matter; and to-day there is a large circle of Owen Meredith's admirers who have never had their faith disturbed, who have never known that "Lucile" was George Sand's and not Lord Lytton's. Yet so it is. The first part of that novel in verse is merely the prose story of "Lavinia" done into gal-loping English anapests.

But George E and is not the only foreign au-thor whom mil ord laid under contribution. Here and there sewels were fliched from Mus-set, from Helne. I women other of the great masters of lyric wyse and embedded in this literary crazy quilt. Who on first reading Lucille has has not held his breath when he came to these spline itd lines:

came to these spirm in lines:
The divine approxite; si ould open her arms.
To our longing, and in it us to sleep on her charms.
The 'the word its full se mas of enjoyment insure us.
The 'llorace, Lucretine', and old Epicurus.
Sit beside us and swear: we are happy, what then f Whence the answer we thin us that cries to these me:
"Let it bet You say we like but the world is too old To rekindle within it be ages of gold:
A vast hope has fraver sed the carth, and our eyes in despite of ourselves we must lift to the skies."
The lines are morely a free translation. The lines are merely a free translation of Musset, in his "Espoir en Diou;"

Je leur dirais à tons: "Quoi que nous puissions faire le souffre, il est trap tar Si-le monde a'est fait vieux. Une immense esp rance a traverse la terre; Maixre nous vers le ciei il Laut lever les yeux."

Les outre, it est frop tar \$\frac{1}{2}\$ is a mouse sest in a view. Une immense est prace a traverse in terre:

Makere hous vers le cloi i faut lever les yeux."

More plagiarism. however, is not the only literary offence of which Owen Meredith has been guilty. A very complicated bit of imposition has been brought home to him. Many years ago he held as liplomatic position in one of the Danublian prin ripalities. On his return to England he published a volume entitled "Serbski Posme." It consisted of a series of poems—ostensibly paxaphrases from ancient Servian originals. If ere it was not his originality which Mr. Lytion called on the world to admire, but his learning, his indefatigable research, his sympathy with the unrecognized masterpieces of the world's literature. He was an explorer in a new field who had made valuable discoveries. At first the English public took him at his word. But it was soon whispered that the very title of his book betrayed an extraordinary ignorance of the Servian language, it had been constructed on the same principle that the philosopher in Pickwick found so useful when he conceived his essay on Chinese metaphysics—the poet had evidently hunted up in a dictionary the word for Servian and the word for poems, and joined them together without any regard for the grammatical laws of number and case. If the very title betrayed so much ignorance, what trust could be put in the body of the work? And, indeed, it was cerntually proved that the poems were not Servian at all, nor translations, from the Sereventually proved that the poens were not Servian at all, nor translations from the Servian, nor even original. They had been boldly taken without acknowledgment from an impudent literary mystification which no less a pan than Prosper Merimée had folsted on the lyench public.

or public.
ore is a little poem of Heine's, entitled
Weib," which begins as follows: Sie hatten sich Beide so herzlich lieb Spitzbubin war sie, er war ein Dieb. is well worth while to compare this with pening lines of Meredith's "See Saw":

It is well worth while to compare this with the opening lines of Meredith's "See Saw":

She was a barlot and I was a thief;
But we loved each other beyond belief.

His! ordship did not always go unpunished. In a vertime published anonymously a dozen years a go, entitled "The Heptalogia; or. The Seven, gainst Sense," there is a parody of Owen heredith which is also a flerce and bitter at the series of the series and bitter at the series of the series and bitter at the seven been acknowledged to this day; yet it has never been acknowledged to this day; yet it has never been acknowledged to this day; yet it has never been acknowledged to this day; yet it has never been doubted. And Scinburne, and diabole we that was the universal verdict. The poen, which is called "Last Words of a Seventh-ra be Poet," is too long to quoto entire, but a few it bes will give some idea of the wit and wicked bess of the onslaught. The seventh-rate po we stretched on his deathbed, is speaking to a faithful attendant, whom he calls Bill tide utilied as Gladstone!

There's a deity shapes us our ends, sir, rough hew them, my bey, how we will—

As I stated myse, if a poem I published last year, you know, Bill—
Where I mention a that that was the question—to be, or, by Jove, i but to be.

As I stated myse, if a poem I published last year, you know is mentioned that that was the question—to be, or, by Jove, i but to be.

As I stated myse, that was and—you'll hardly believe it—she said they we we all out of Musset.

Yes, Minotte or Mar. was—and—you'll hardly believe it— she said they w wee all out of Musset. Now I don't say they 'seren't-but what then? and I don't say they 'ere-I'll bet rounds against necdon't say they', vere-l'il bet pounds against peunies on
The subject-l wish In tay never die Laurente, if some
of them wern't on tof Tennyson.
And I think-l don't like to be certain, with death, so
to speak, by me gr. waingBut I think there were s. twe-say a dozen, perhaps, or a
score, out of Brown. bg.
As for peous wing on a t wontrary track to what I go
and you goYou remember my lyrics a tunnslated-like aweet Bully
Bottom-from lingo?

Bottom-from Hugo?

Though I will say it's curiou a that simply on just that account there should he was consistent account there should he was bold as to say that n a one of my poems was written by me.

It would stir the political bile or the physical spleen of a drab or a fory.

To hear critics assign to his hat all the Confessional, Bill, and the Laboratory;

Yea, it's singular-nay, I can't t link of a parallel (ain't it a high lark'

As that Countess would say)—the are few men believe it was I wote the Ode to a Waylark. and it often has given myself and \ Lord Albert no end of diversion

To hear fellows maintain to my fa so it was Wordsworth
who wrote the Excursion.

When they know that whole reams of the verses recur While I never produced a more char acteristic and ex-quisite hook
One that gave me more real satisfact lon, than did, on the whole, Lalia Bookh.

the whole, Lalia Bookh.

Nay, that epic of mine, which begins from foundations the Bible is built on.

"Of man's first disobedience"—I've heard it attributed, dammy, to Mitton.

Well, it's lucky for the un that it's not we with my while, and may say, to break spears
with the hirelings, forsooth, of the pres is who assert that Othelio's was Shakespears's. When he that can run sir, may read—if he borrows the When he that can run. sir. may read—if he borrows the book or gues on tick—
In my posms the hit that describes how the Hellespont joins the Propontie.
There are men. I believe, who will tell you that Graywrote the whole of The Bard—Or that I didn't write half the Elegy, Bill, ir a CountryChrehyard.
When you know that my poem, the poet, be rins. "Ruinseither" and endswith recapitulations of horrors the poet invokes on his friends.

And I'll swear, if you look at the dirge on my relatives under the turf, you will perceive at winds up with some lines on myself—and heatins with the turfew.
Now you if grant it's more probable, Bill—as a. man of That all these should have prigged from myself than that I singuid have prigged from all these.

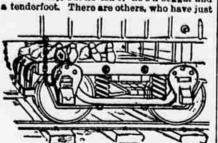
A liftle further are the following lines:

A little further are the following lines:

TRAMPS ON THE RAILROAD. HOW THEY GET OVER GREAT DIS-TANCES ON SCHEDULE TIME.

Best that the Exterior Affords-Ton: Berths Underneath Some of the Care, While trainmen are of one mind in regard to the annoyance which tramps cause the railroad companies, they disagree about the methods of these individuals in doing" the country. In spite of the strict rule of all railroads prohibiting tramps, these professional travellers get over the road somehow or other with astonishing rapidity. They have been known to come from San Francisco to New York in but a trifle longer time than it took Mr. Mackey on his record-breaking trip. It is by no means certain that one of these nomads didn't accompany Mr. Mackey part of the way across the continent on the fast mail train. Tramps are partial to mail trains. The trucks are roomier than those of the ordinary coach or freight car. Whatever doubt there was about Mr. Mackey's beating the record, there certainly wasn't any doubt that Mr. Tramp

beat the railroad company. There are tramps and tramps. Many a poor fellow who has spent his last cent and is out at the elbows wants to try his luck in another part of the country, but he has no means of getting there except his heels. These will not carry him far without hunger staring him in the face. He slinks about some freight yard and when a train is pulling out begs a trainman to carry him along a bit. He admits that he is a tramp, but he isn't; he's a beggar and



A LOWER BERTH OF THE LIMITED.

got their hand in, travelling from town to town. and when a trainman catches them stowed away in a box car they whine piteously and recount their sufferings or those of a sick family miles away which they are anxious to get to. "These are no tramps," said a brakeman.
"There is nothing interesting about them and they are a nuisance. The professional tramp is a character, and sometimes you meet with one so slick that he deserves to beat his way. The real tramp makes no excuse when he is discovered. Nine times out of ten he makes a threat, and as a good many of them go armed it is dangerous to meddle with them. For if there is a human being who might be expected to value his life cheaply it is a tramp rather than a burglar. How many times have I had a tramp snarl at me with a string of oaths and wind up by threatening to put a hole through me!"

"Probably tramps will hang on to most anything, from the brake-shoe to the wheel box." suggested the reporter.
"No," said a trainman of the Central Rail-

road of New Jersey. "Many people have erro-neous ideas about the habits of tramps. Personally I never saw a tramp on a truck, but others say that they have. Tramps generally oull for an empty box car, if there is one open. It is curious to see them search the yard over,



nquire about the departure of trains and their destination and the stops they make along the way. Why. last Saturday night, just before leaving for Phillipsburg, I went to search my train for tramps, and I found an empty Fall

leaving for Phillipsburg. I went to search my train for tramps, and I found an empty Fall Brook car full of them, right next to the train shed. They knew somehow that the car was going home, and that it went to the end of the journey. They always seem to want to go as far as possible.

These fellows set up a whining and begged me to let them go along. They all had slek families, or something just as had, to go for, and one of them said he wanted to go to Phillipsburg to attend the funeral of his brother. I drove them all out. None of them was a professional. They didn't know one another, and they all scattered in different directions.

Of course they will get into any car that is left open, and if there is anything catable they always help themselves. If there isn't an open car they will try to find a car of lumber. That is more exposed, but there are always some vacant nocks between the piles of boards, and they make very good bunks. Last summer, when I was running on a Long Branch train, we had an experience with tramps at Matawan. We picked up a car of lumber there. A gang of tramps had learned of its time of departure and that it was a through car, which just suited them. They always try to get a through sleeper. Ilke passengers who my their way. One of them, who had a wooden leg, they put on top of the lumber in plain sight, and then they appeared to go away. Of course the trainmen wouldn't put a deformed



UNDER A BOX CAR.

man off, and apparently he was the only one who was going along. But no sooner did the locomotive signal to start than the gang lit unon the lumber car like a swarm of bees. We went back and pulled them all out from the cravices, and we got curses in return.

The next night, when a freight train came along, the switch at Matawan was open, and the train smashed a lot of cars on a siding. The tramps were around later to see the results, and they asked the agent whether that was Porter's train. No, said the agent, and they asked the agent whether that was Porter's train. No, said the agent, and they asked the agent whether that was Porter's train. No, said the agent, and they asked the agent whether that was Porter's train. No, said the agent, and mistake.

"An empty box car or car of lumber lacking, they look for a car with a good sill at the end. But not many cars are built that way now. Where a car has ladders within reach of the bumpers and make a long journey sometimes in that position. But generally there is nothing to cling to at the end, and many a professional will stand between two cars with a foot on one bumper and the other foot on the other bumper. Of course, this is reckless, for trains often break in two, and down goes the tramp and one section goes over him. Probably more tramps are killed in this way than any other. Sometimes a tramp is drunk and tumbles off from his porch when the train is going around a curve."

"Suppose you catch a lot of tramps aboard after the train is under way?" we said.

"Do you think that we pitch them off? Well, no, for several reasons. If they should get killed we should be criminally responsible. Besides, the tramp might not be the one to be pitched off. A couple of burly fellows will sometimes make it lively for a brakeman, or the whole crew, for that matter. On a Delaware and Hudson coal train, several years ago. Conductor Billy Gerry undertook to get a couple of tramps off while the train was going at fifteen miles an hour or more. They were perched upon a load of c

times throw their hats oil. That works every time. They wouldn't lose that for anything. They always get off for it. But you have to ested them on the siy. They always carry their pookets full of stones for ammunition, and the chances are that they will stone you after they get off. This is a common trick of tramps, and they often lie in wait until the train returns to get revenge. The worst place to get the tramps down on you is in the mining regions. Old conductors say that they sometimes had to call out the police of the mining companies in order to suppress them.

Tramps around New York are not adangerous, but they are just as common. The roads between New York and Philadelphia are a great runway for them. Several years ago the Pennsylvania and Jersey Central com-When They Can't Get Inside They Have the



WILL THE BRAKEMAN TACKLE THEM?

sometimes when it was too cold to ride, but this is against the principles of the professional. He regulates his travels according to Said a Pennsylvania conductor. 'I have found tramps in more odd positions on a freight train than you would imagine ever existed. But, for that matter, I have seen them a mail train. That is have troveling, but not comfortable, for they must stand bolt upright without moving or they will be delected. You know how many and let him through, even in the conclus. They were seen them that the seen the pack severed. These are not separally professionally as a server of the professional trains. That is have often on top of a flat car. You may find a dozen tramps in a car load of mains. Tramps can't very well ride on the trucks of freight cars, sharp curve. But express and ingraround a sharp curve is a stretched over a bridge six of clicks, and the strings over the bridge of a flat car. They are stretched over a bridge six of clicks and the strings over the bridge of a flat car. They are stretched over a bridge six of clicks and the strings over the bridge of a flat car. They are stretched over a bridge six of clicks and the strings over the bridge of a flat car. They are stretched over a bridge six of clicks and the strings over the bridge of a flat car. They are stretched over a bridge six of clicks and the strings over the bridge of a flat car. They are stretched over a bridge six of clicks and the strings over the bridge of a flat car. They are stretched over a bridge six of clicks and the

party in a buggy. As they were approaching the big watering trough at the roadside, within a stone's throw of the Mountain House, their horse began to show signs of fear, and tried to turn around in the road. Mrs. Smith, being an excellent horsewoman, put the horse under the whip, and with a snort he sprang forward, and then stopped short within a few feet of the trough and began to rear. His snort was answered by another, but of a different kind.

"That's a bear!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. Mittle Smith peered forward and began to scream. Two big bears were refreshing them-selves with a bath in the watering trough. When the girl screamed the bears jumped out of the trough and made down the road directly oward the house, but turned off into the woods just before reaching it. Mrs. Smith drove on, and after handing her horse over to the hostler rushed into the house. A cotillon

woods just before reaching it. Mrs. 8mith drove on, and after handing her horse over to the hostier rushed into the house. A cotilion was on, but the music and dancing stopped short as she hurried in among the festive thing and cried:

"There's two big bears right yonder across throatomen screamed, and rushed up stairs and shut themselves in any room they could make themselves in any room the social read and rushed province, and the social read and rushed and province, and the social read and rushed a hour car huntry night. The immediate her themselves in a standard outside a contract of the social read and rushed a hour car had you. The men then returned, and festivities were resumed. The bears iny lower next day over, for Hunter Joe Cortright killed them both, less than two miles from Mr. Poom.

Homaine Whittaker was out pheasant shooting a few days ago hear this place, and while walking in an old r ad he saw a hig bear shuffling along toward him. As Whittaker supposing the bear would be frightened away. But, instead of being scared, bruin seemed to like Whittaker's frantic movements and noise, and trotted closer. Then Whittaker concluded to peoper the bear would be frightened away, and the result seemed to tekle the bear amazingly, for he stopped, rose on his hind feet, caressed his nose and face with his paws, and then result seemed to tekle the bear amazingly, for he stopped, rose on his hind leet, caressed his nose and face with his paws, and then any own in the road and rolled over and over like a cat on a bunch of catnip. That made Whittaker mad, and giving the bear the contents of his second barrel, he turned and hurried away into the woods himself. He saw no more of the bear, but it is rep

LIGHT FROM DARKNESS. THE SERVANT QUESTION SOLVED. The Constant Render Suggests on Answer

> "A Constant Reader" favors THE SUN with suggestions on the subject of domestic service that are at least provocative of reflection. The substance of them is that one reason why there are so many inefficient house servants is because there are so many poor housekeepersnot essentially poor in pocket, but poor in servant. Gathering light on this ever-fruitful topic from various housekeepers, a Sun re-

porter obtained these suggestions:
"Housework comprises a variety of employments that require considerable skill and knowledge of materials. There are various branches of housework. In large hotels, boarding houses, and private mansions each servant is trained to work in her own department. The cook does not do the chamberwork, and the dining-room girl is not asked to act as nurse. Each has her own precise work laid out from day to day. There is no reason why division of labor should not be carried out in a house with the result of securing the greatest skill in every department, and in the best-conducted houses this is done, and it is in such houses that the best servants prefer to live. They have in such houses certain specific work to do. They become proficient in doing it. They know when this work is done, and they have regular hours of labor.
"But when it comes to general housework

the case is quite different. To do such work will the brakeman tackle them?

panies combined to get rid of them. They had a large force of men to run them down and arrest every one they caught.

"Where do tramps go to? You tell me. I nover found a person who knew. You can't bolieve half of what they tell you. As Is asy, the professionals keep their mouths shut. Frobably they go the round of the olitics, starting in each one until their credit gives out, so to speak. Do they work in the country during the ramp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make, but is a nice profession for a tamp to make the form the country a good deal during the summer and intimidate women at the farm houses while the men are at work. They flock to the cities a good deal in the country a good deal during the summer and intimidate women at work. They got a good to take the country work is skilled labor; writing maids are born, not made, and good disingration. The label is a good deal in the country and the work of the country and the way in the wooden vestibules of the seasons."

Said a Pennsylvania conductor. "I have seen the label to the country of the seasons."

Said a Pennsylvania conductor. "I have seen the seasons."

Said a Pennsylvania conductor. "I have seen the profession and the country is an advantage of the seasons."

Said a Pennsylvania conductor. "I properly requires really a great deal of experience and unusual ability. Even after securing an honest, industrious, civil, obliging

fault, however, is in naving such destructive and ignorant servants about, and there is really no need of having them. If people will take the proper precaution before hiriand servants. A man does not take his watch to a blacksmith shop to be mended; neither does he hire a longshoreman to be his book-keeper. Nor should a housekeeper hire a more pot wrestler to do the labor of a skilled house servant. And if in an emergency anything but skilled servants are employed, the housekeeper must remember that incessant vigilance is the price of good housekeeping.

A very common error of slip-shod housekeepers is to take servants without full examination of their credentials and careful scrutiny as to their identity. It is a safe rule not to permit a servant to enter the house until it is beyond question that she is really the individual named in her recommendation. It is a common choat for servants to horrow one another's letters of recommendation, but it is a cheat that is easily exposed. It is best to avoid the girl who makes excuses for not having any passports. It is a fair presumption that, she will prove a disappointment, if not a terror. Planty of housekeepers, merely as a result of their own laziness in neglecting to huntup references of servants, get saddled with incompetents, thieves, and worse, whose pathway in a household is devastation.

"It is a good rule for a housekeeper to know what is going on in the house, and never to permit servants to assume that any part of the house is not open to the inspection of the housekeeper at all times. If the servants show a disinclination for the housekeeper to be around, it is a fair presumption that something is going on that the housekeeper ought to see.

"If a housekeeper changes her servants

be around, it is a fair presumption that something is going on that the housekeeper ought to see.

"If a housekeeper changes her servants very often, it is a fair presumption that something is the matter with the boss as well as with the servants. There are various ways of getting work out of servants. Some do it by threats, some by bribes. Yet there are efficient housekeepers who neither threaten nor bribe, but, in a dignified way, tempering authority with generous treatment, and securing honest, loving service. This lastnamed sort of housekeepers must become more plential before good servants are more numerous. There are households where they have generation after generation of good servants; of servants who are loyal, respectful, efficient, trustworthy, and sober. But it will be found that in such households the housekeepers are women who also know their business and are themselves competent for their posts.

will be found that in such households the housekeepers are women who also know their bushiess and are themselves competent for their posts.

"The demands upon the average servant deing general housework in a private family are ing general housework in a private family are ing several housework in a private family are fittle short of slavory. The work is never done. The hours are from early morning until late at night. The arrangements for either comfort or recreation are meagre. The discipline is severe. The girl gets the wages of one and is expected to do the work of two, and is, perhaps, not able to do the work of two, and is, perhaps, not able to do the work of half a one, and the mistress is neither able to instruct her nor to tell exactly what her shortcomlings are.

"A blunder often made by young house-keepers is the payment of low wages. The fact is that a cheap girl will often destroy a great deal of property and then prove a very expensive girl in the end. A competent cook knows how to economize food, and how to use up everything. An ignorant servant can easily waste and destroy more than the value of her whole wages.

"Expert housekeepers as well as teachers learn that there are some shortcomings that must be overlooked. It is best not to see everything; not to visit condign punishment for every error; not to be kicking and scoidir," and harping on faults, and reproving errors it, a scoiding, petulant way. Even servants who are anxious to be taught and are willing to learn are not apt to be selent under constant magging. The good housekeeper will learn to keep her own temper under trying circumstances. Indeed, in the management of servants it might be a good rule, paraphrasing the advice of a well-known poet as to the toaching of children:

"O'er wayward servants wouldst thou hold firm rele, and

"O'er wayward servants wouldst thou hold firm rule, And sun thee in the light of lappy faces. Faith, hope, and patience, these must be thy graces. And in thise own heart ist them are keep school."

Girls Will Fornish the Cuticle.

From the Bullimore American.

LAPORTE, Ind., Dec. 1.—Several months ago Ernest Schmitz of this city was severely hurned with gasoline, and his physician has decided that the only way his injuries can be healed is by skin grafting. As it will require a considerable quantity of epidermis, the young ladder of the Laporte Charity Circle have consented to furnish the necessary amount of cuticle. Operations will be commenced immediately, providing the young ladies others to their agreement.